

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

FEBRUARY
No. 36

10¢



BLACKHAWK
FOLLOWS
"The Cult of
The Wailing
TIGER!"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



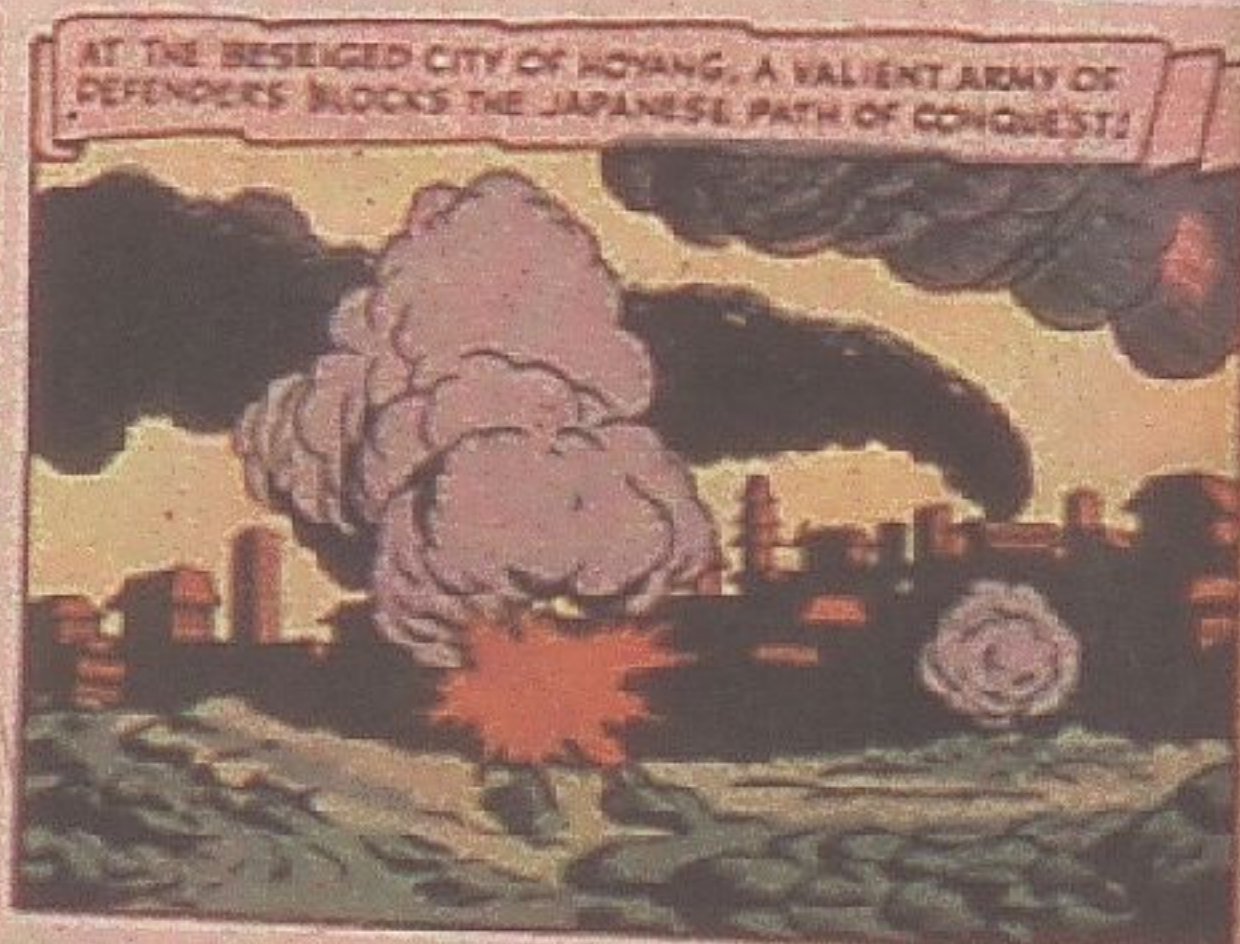
BLACKHAWK



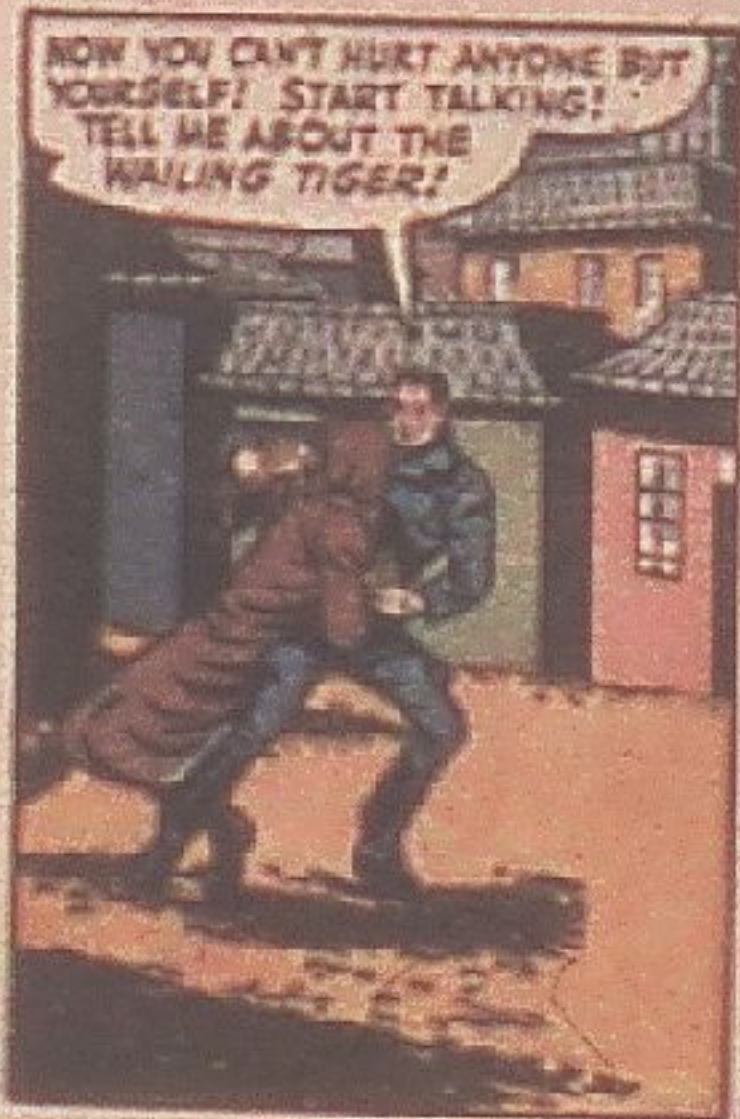
IN THE HEART OF ANCIENT CHINA THERE LIES THE TOMB OF THE WARRIOR-PROPHET HSO-LING, DEAD THESE THOUSAND YEARS! LONG FORGOTTEN WAS THE ONCE-FEARED CULT OF THE WAILING TIGER... A DARK MEMORY IN THE MINDS OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE!...

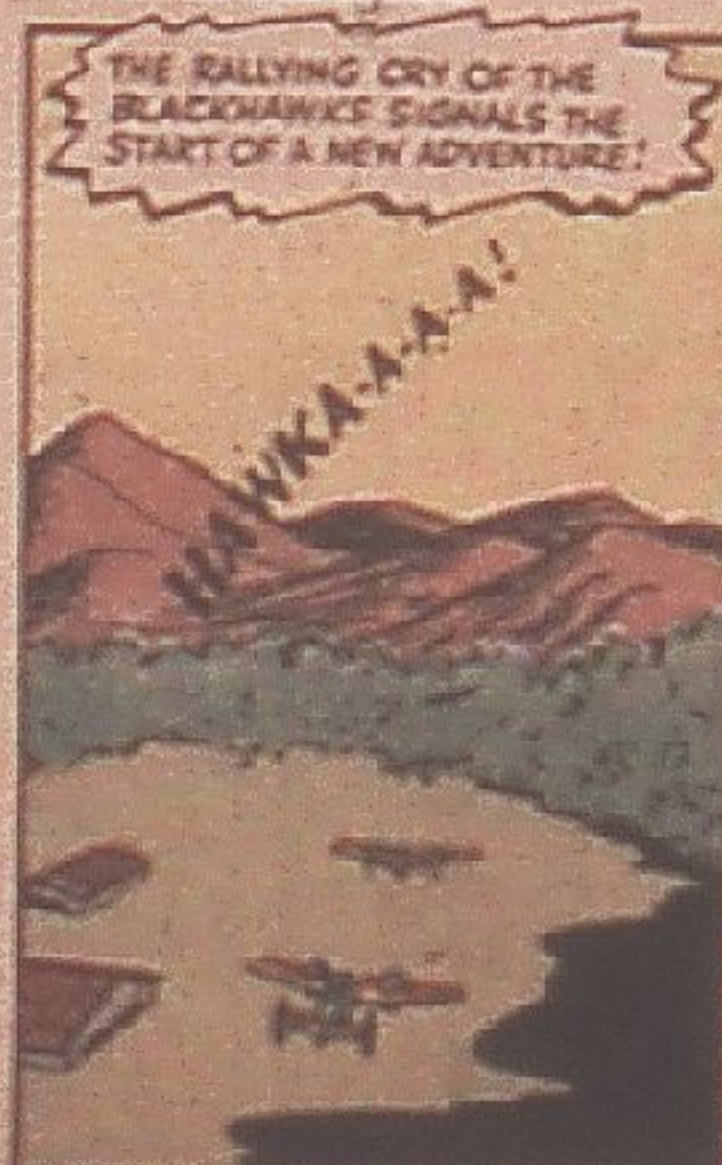
BUT ONE DAY HSO-LING ROSE FROM HIS TOMB TO WALK UPON THE EARTH AGAIN! AND THE BLACKHAWKS, FEARLESS KNIGHTS OF THE AIR, FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF UNSPEAKABLE MYSTERY TO DISCOVER THE TERRIBLE MEANING OF "THE CULT OF THE WAILING TIGER!"

MILITARY COMICS











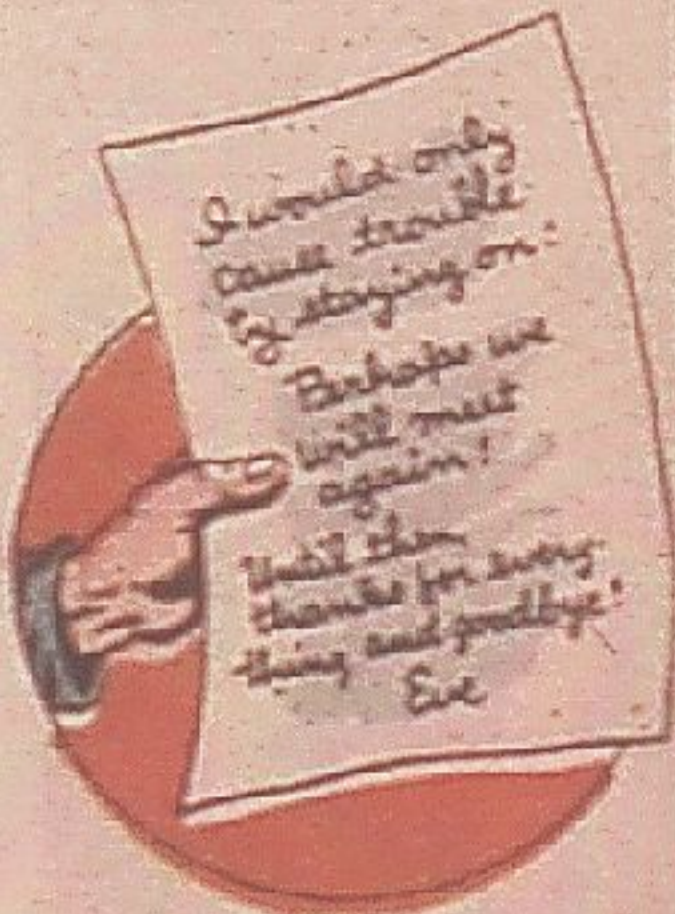














AND A BULLROARER! THE WEAPON OF THE OLD THUGGEES! IT THROWS AN ALMOST INVISIBLE LOOP OF CORD STRONG ENOUGH TO STRANGLE A MAN!

SEIZE HIM!

THESE POOR FOOLS DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY'VE BEEN TRICKED! AND THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!

I'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

BLACKHAWK!

COME DOWN AND JOIN THE FUN!

SAVE THE HOT SHOT OF THIS OUTFIT FOR ME!

HERE I COME!

TOO LATE! ... I HAVE FAILED! MY LIFE IS FORFEIT!



Private DOGTAG



RIGHT! A SOLDIER'LL GLADLY FACE A FLESH-AND-BLOOD ENEMY, BUT SPIRITS ARE ANOTHER THING! WE'LL HAVE TO ASSIGN SOME BODY WHO NEVER HAD ANY MORALE IN THE FIRST PLACE! ---
SERGEANT!



SERGEANT, WE NEED AN INSENSITIVE, UNOBSERVANT, SEMI-CONSCIOUS NUISANCE TO DO SENTRY DUTY IN TOMB CITY TONIGHT! YOU KNOW WHO ANSWERS THAT DESCRIPTION, DON'T YOU?



I CERTAINLY DO, SIR!

DON'T AG. YOU'RE ON SENTRY DUTY TONIGHT IN TOMB CITY! JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE A SOLDIER AND THE GHOSTS WON'T SCARE YOU!



SURE, SARGE, I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING!

GHOSTS!... DID HE SAY GHOSTS?



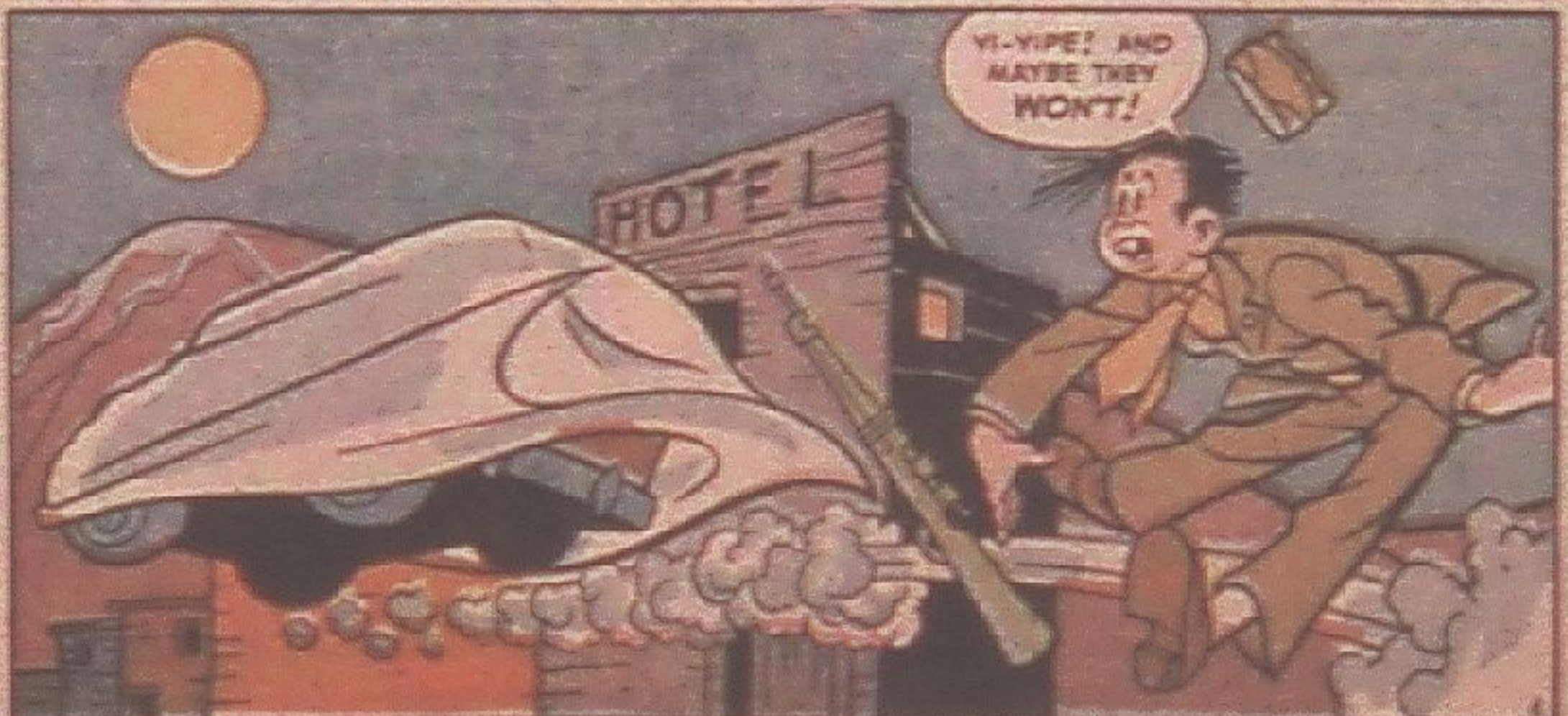
YEAH... I G-GUESS HE DID SAY G-GHOSTS!



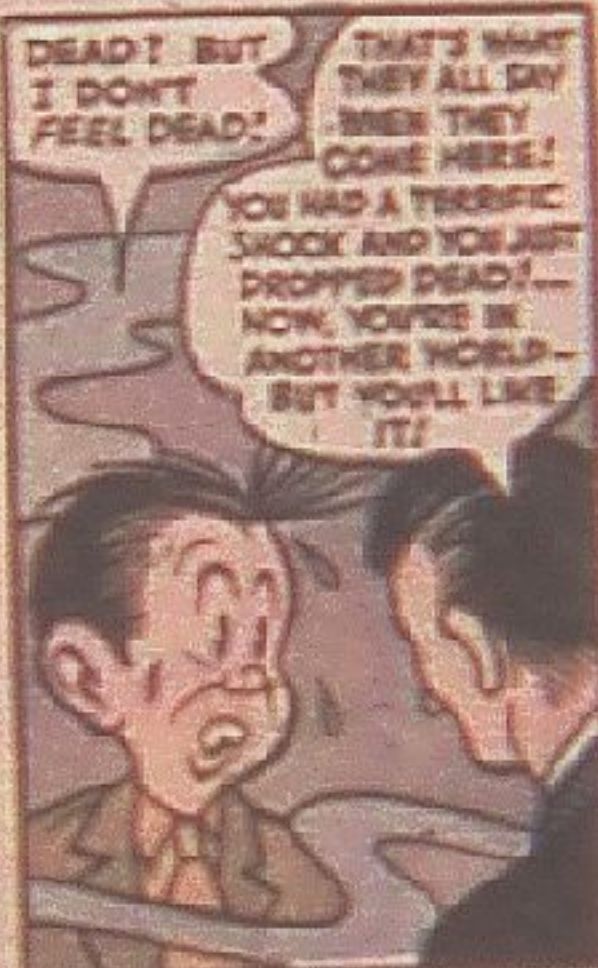
MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE A NIGHT OFF TONIGHT!



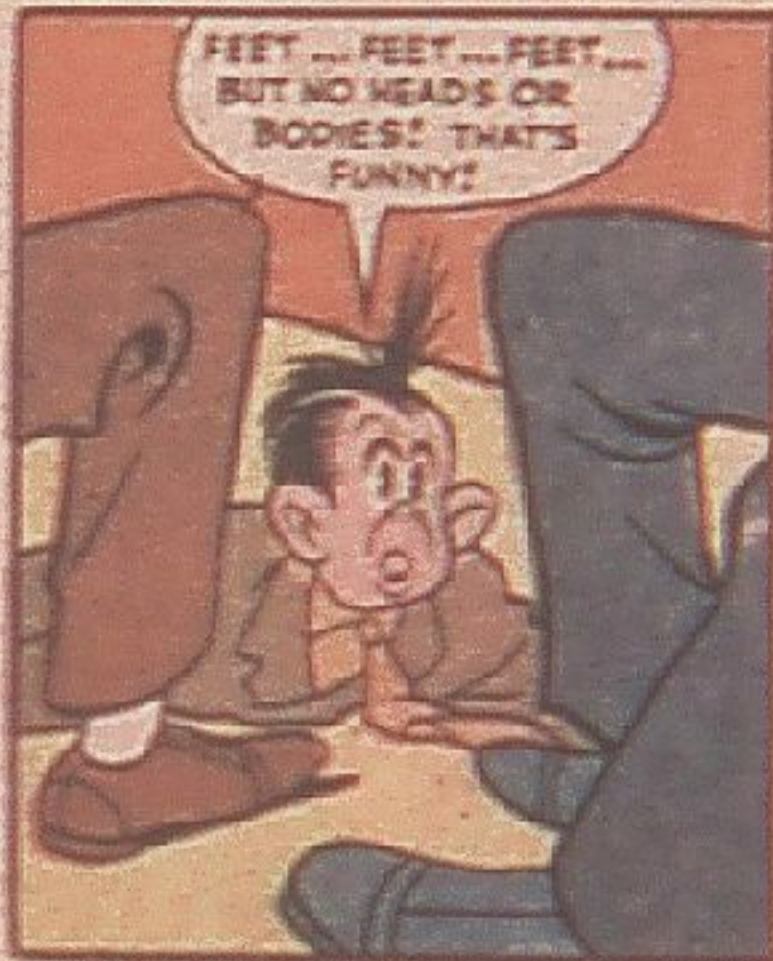
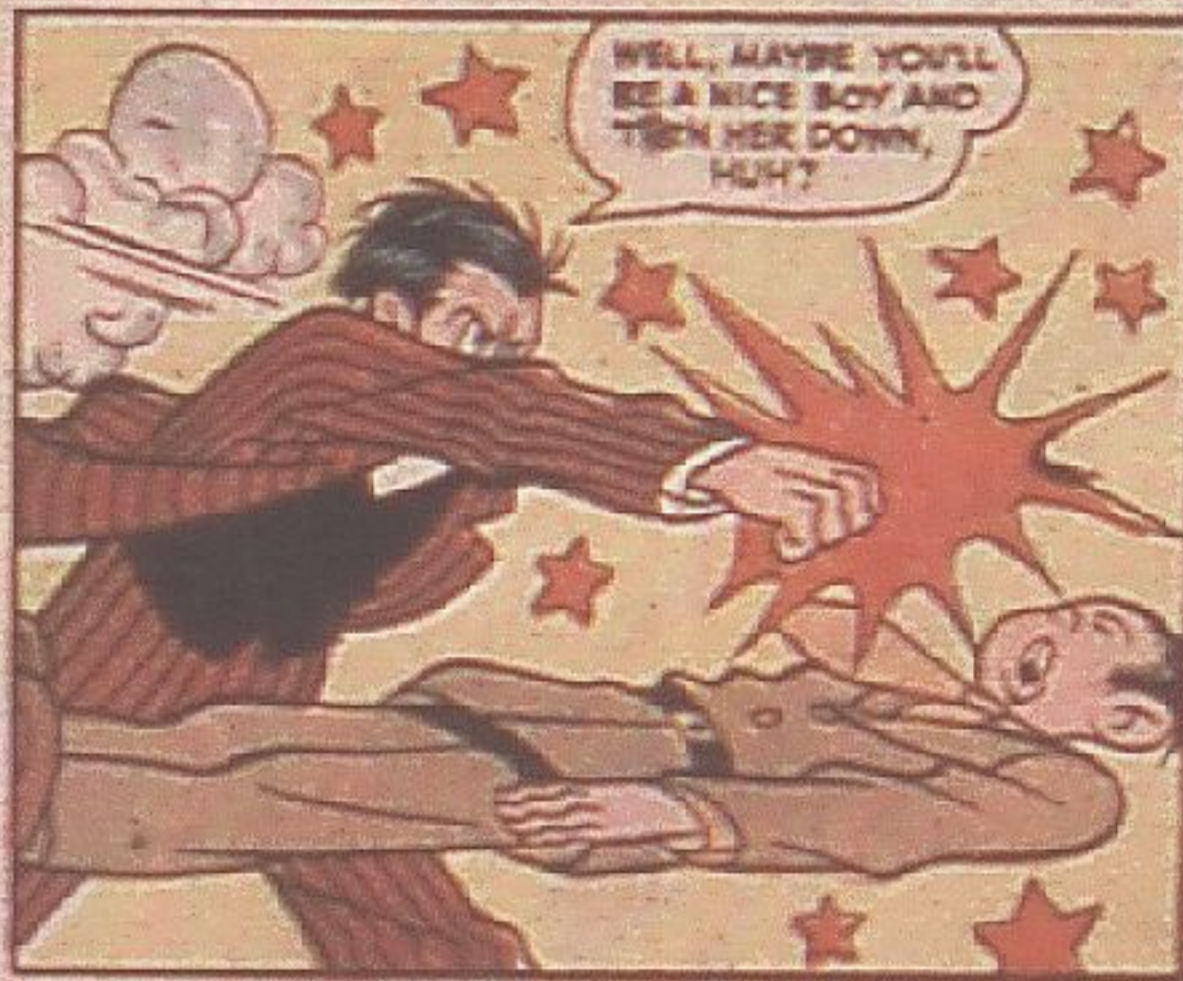
VI-YE! AND MAYBE THEY WON'T!





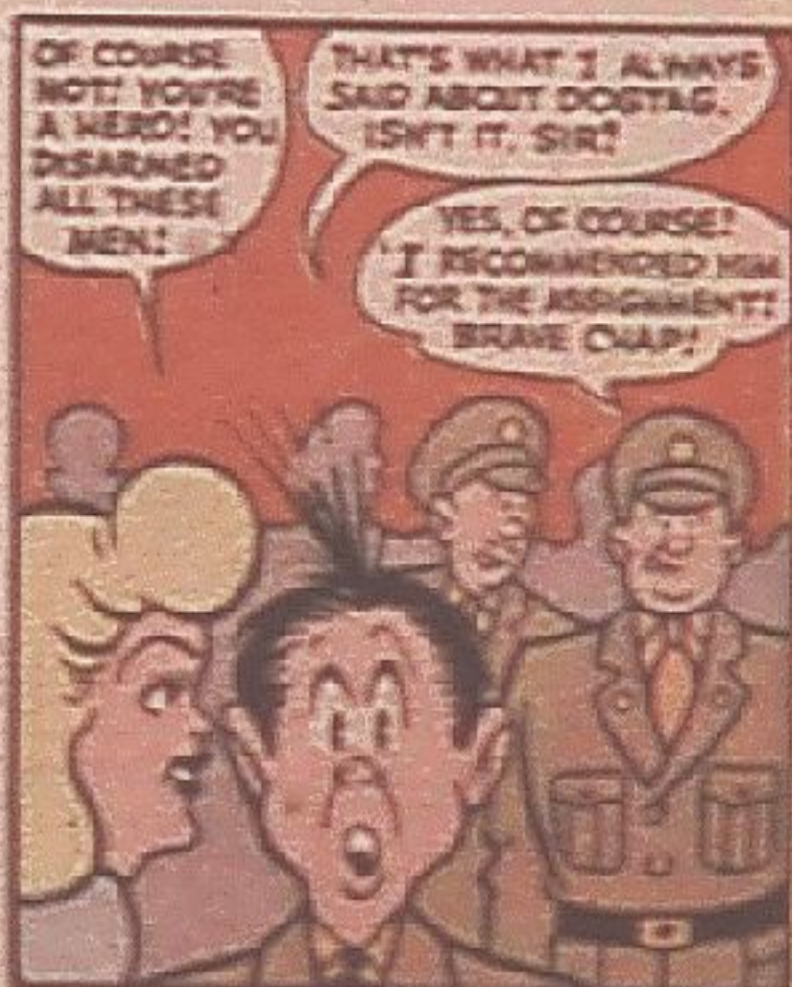
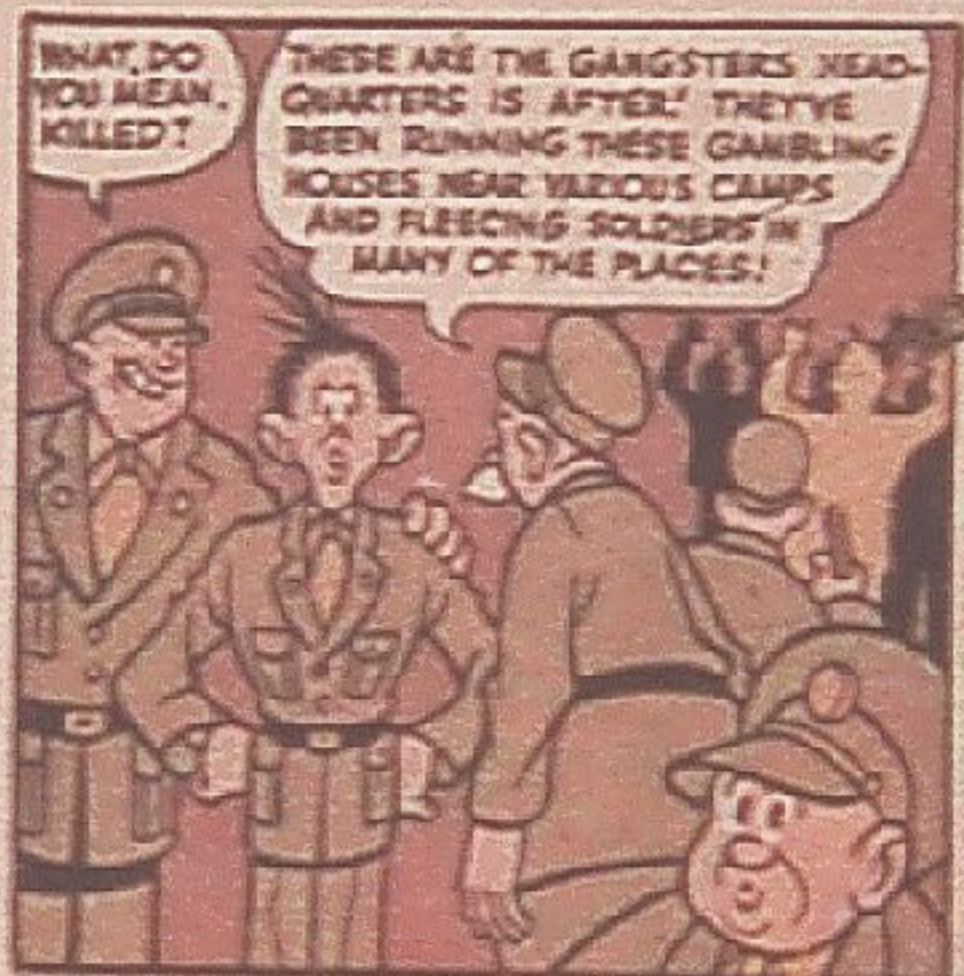












DEATH PATROL

OBSERVE CLOSELY, DEATH PATROL -- THE UNUSUAL LAYOUT OF THESE THIRTEEN JAPANESE MANDATED ISLANDS -- IN THE FORM OF A CLOCK!... WE MUST STRIKE HERE AT THE CENTER!

WITH CLOSE COOPERATION OF OUR AIR AND NAVAL FORCES -- YOU MUST LAND ON THE CENTER ISLAND TO BEGIN YOUR MISSION! FROM THAT POINT ON, WE'LL LEAVE IT TO YOUR INGENUITY -- BUT BE CAREFUL!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! DEATH PATROL OPERATES LIKE CLOCK-WORK!

WE'LL WATCH OUR STEP, SIR!

OVERTIME, MAYBE?

ANOTHER IMPORTANT MISSION FOR DEATH PATROL!... THE DESTRUCTION OF THIRTEEN ISLANDS!... PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A 2-DAY ADVENTURE, AS DEATH PATROL LEAVES THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER AND PREPARES TO LAND UNDER JAP FIRE!

WE'RE OFF, MEN!... THE FIREWORKS HAVE STARTED!









PREPARE HONORABLE SWORD FISH SEARCH - AND ATTACK! 元氣百倍!!

BOOM BOOM

CHOO-CHOO

and CHERRY













JUST THINK... WHEN WE GOT UP THIS MORNING, WE WERE POOR AS CHURCH MICE, AND NOW LOOK AT US!

WELL! NOW DON'T BREAK DOWN AND CRY!



WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A COUPLE OF CLASSY GENTS! I WANT TO GO PLACES IN THIS GET-UP!

I FEEL LIKE SHARING THE WEALTH—SHOWING SOMEBODY A GOOD TIME!... I HAVE IT! --WE'LL TAKE OUT THE FIRST TWO MEN WE MEET!



TWO GENTLEMEN TO SEE MISS CHERRY LANE!



IS IT A GO?

RUTGERS SAID TWO GENTLEMEN, DIDN'T HE?



WE CAME TO

NEVER MIND NOW! WE'LL DISCUSS YOUR PROBLEMS OVER CHAMPAGNE AND HUMMING-BIRDS' TONGUES! COME ON!



BUT-- BUT--

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER! WE'RE OUT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

YES, AND THE PARTY IS ALL ON US! WE'RE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH!





JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



STRANGE REVENGE

SU FONG was furious. For twenty minutes he had waited for Moi, the Malay, who had gone to the birdhouse.

It was five o'clock now. The lovely morning sky had changed from rose to yellow, but the ocean was still dark and almost motionless.

Su Fong rubbed his hands when he stepped into the yard. He looked around for a minute, then stopped and listened.

Meanwhile, hidden behind the birdhouse, Moi whispered to Kaku, his half brother. They both hated Su Fong, the wealthy Chinese, who owned 70 cormorants, while Kaku only 11. And now they made their crooked plans to steal a part of today's catch. Moi suddenly stopped talking. Kaku almost noiselessly dived into the water and disappeared. When Su Fong found Moi behind the birdhouse he had no idea that a few moments before, Kaku had been also sitting there.

Su Fong scolded Moi violently. Moi apologized meekly, saying that he had been watching the sea and fish, and he prophesied a good catch for the day.

"Shut up!" cried Su Fong, but he was less angry now, for the prospect of a good catch consoled his exasperated heart. "We should have left half an hour ago," he added.

Moi opened the birdhouse.

The seventy cormorants, perfectly trained for catching fish,

were the pride of Su Fong. The seventy cormorants, not much bigger than crows, black with light grey breasts, had not been fed for three days. When they saw the door of their cage open, they began at once a terrible, hungry croaking, then with a mighty roar the whole flock took off, and, like a heavy dark cloud, flew to the beach, where they settled down on Su Fong's big boat.

Moi, whose passion for hunting had been awakened at the sight of the hungry birds, followed them with catlike suppleness. Su Fong, whose hands trembled with anticipation, came after at a more dignified pace. As a rule Su Fong never went fishing with Moi. But recently the catch had been rather poor. Moi, of course, blamed the cormorants. But Su Fong, who had trained the birds himself, had made up his mind never to believe anything Moi said. Today he went along to decide the truth.

When Su Fong reached the boat, everything was ready. Moi took the oars and the boat rode out. The cormorants, perfectly silent now, sat closely lined up at the boat's edge. Their keen blue eyes looked out over the water. Each one of the seventy birds wore a tightly fitting ring around his neck. This was to keep him from eating the fish, which they caught for their master. Only when they had done their duty, the rings were removed, and the birds allowed to catch a little more fish for themselves, or to feed on a part

of the catch. Su Fong had made it a rule never to be stingy with their food.

The boat drifted slowly away from the cliffs. Gigantic rays of fire flashed over the grey sea, and suddenly the glittering sun rose from the horizon.

Su Fong bent his head and held his hands before his eyes, to protect them from the blazing sun. Moi handled the oars, making no noise at all. The cliffs grew smaller and smaller. Su Fong's house could no longer be seen, and the waves of the sea became greater. The cormorants croaked impatiently. They moved their wings feverishly up and down. Some of them even took off a few yards, but immediately returned to the edge of the boat.

Su Fong knew that it was now time to put the birds to work. He glanced back for a moment, then whistled, and clapped three times. As if thrown up by invisible hands, the birds took like leaves in a whirlwind, crossing and recrossing each other, climbing higher and higher. Soon they were only small dark dots in the sky.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when the first cormorant had returned, flying with widely stretched wings, and carrying a large fish. He put it down in the boat, then began to kill it with his beak. But Moi, with his short knife, was quicker, and the bird flew up again. Every few minutes now, one of the seventy cormorants landed

on the boat with a fish in its talons. It was strangely exciting to watch all this coming and going, and to listen to the hungry croakings of the birds, or the roaring sound of their wings. Sometimes when a cormorant had caught too large a fish, another came to assist him in carrying it to the boat. Then Moi would clap his hands in excitement, and receive them with a flood of words and cries.

The ocean was dark blue by now, and the sun stood high in the sky. Su Fong sat motionless and dignified on his elevated seat. His eyes were almost closed but he smiled at the pile of fish that grew bigger and bigger. He seemed quite contented.

Only when a small, fast boat made its way towards his own, Su Fong stood up in surprise. In this smaller boat was a boy, who brought him the sad news that Su Fong's favorite dog lay sick in front of his house, and nobody knew what to do.

Su Fong was very much upset. He decided to go home at once in the small boy's boat, but before leaving, he ordered Moi to remove the rings from the cormorants' beaks and to feed them with one-third of the catch.

Some of the birds were exhausted, and showed that they did not wish to catch any more fish. Moi watched the small craft bearing Su Fong away. His eyes burned, and his face wore a crafty smile. As the small boat disappeared behind the first cliff, a tired cormorant dropped its fish at Moi's feet, and refused to fly out again. Moi fell on the bird like a wild beast, and, with brutal force, threw it out of the boat.

When Su Fong reached the

shore, he stepped onto the beach and ran up the little path to his house. There lay his dog, its four paws stretched out rigidly. Su Fong carried the dog into the shade; he bent over him, examined him, and realized that the dog had been poisoned. He gave the suffering animal a drink. The dog vomited and seemed relieved, but Su Fong, though impatient to be off again, would not leave until the dog was asleep.

High noon came up; and Su Fong wondered why Moi had not yet returned home. He watched the cliff. Finally a boat appeared. But it was not Su Fong's; it was a strange boat, and in it a man waved his arms and cried for help.

Su Fong jumped into the small, fast boat which had brought him ashore and went to meet the stranger. As he drew near, he saw that it was Kalu, and that he had a pile of dead fish in the boat. Su Fong rowed up beside him. Kalu, like a madman, leaped into Su Fong's boat, fell on his knees, and with horror in his eyes cried out: "Master, something terrible has happened! Master, you alone can help—if it be not too late!"

"Row!" commanded Su Fong; and Kalu rowed as he never had before. But he continued shouting and crying like a beaten dog.

"Row!" shouted Su Fong furiously; for since he had seen the pile of fish in Kalu's boat, he knew fairly well what might have happened out there in the ocean.

When they came to the spot—they were too late. Even Su Fong could not help. Three or four of the cormorants still flew above Moi's boat, chasing a few

yards into the air, then shooting down with full force, always at the same spot. The remainder of the birds were busy, tearing the fish into tiny pieces that they might eat, in spite of the rings. For none of the cormorants was without that restricting ring.

The birds had gone crazy; even Su Fong could not go near the boat until they finished their grisly job. Their croakings were terrible to hear.

Su Fong kept Kalu rowing around the boat and he kept shouting small prayers into the wind, but the birds went right on shooting down at the thing on the deck.

And that thing on the deck was much too large to be a pile of fish. It was a bloody mass, and its occasional movements were growing weaker and weaker, and Su Fong heard above the thin whisper of the wind a terrible cry come from under that flock of ripping, tearing cormorants.

Su Fong knew just what had happened. His dog had been poisoned in order to lure him back home. Kalu had taken part of Moi's catch into his boat, and Moi had forced the tired cormorants to keep on fishing, so that Su Fong might not notice the theft.

Then Moi, the Malay, met his doom. Seventy cormorants starved for three days, then tortured beyond endurance, could easily cut a man into unrecognizable pieces in short order.

Su Fong knew that neither his great skill, nor his understanding and great love for the birds, could have prevented this tragedy. In a low voice he ordered Kalu to clean the boat and bring it home.

PT Boat

THERE WAS A CERTAIN BURMESE GIRL WHOSE EYES SHONE LIKE STARS, WHOSE LIPS WERE MADE FOR CARESSES, AND PERRY TOBIAS BECAME HER DEVOTED AND ARDENT SWAIN!

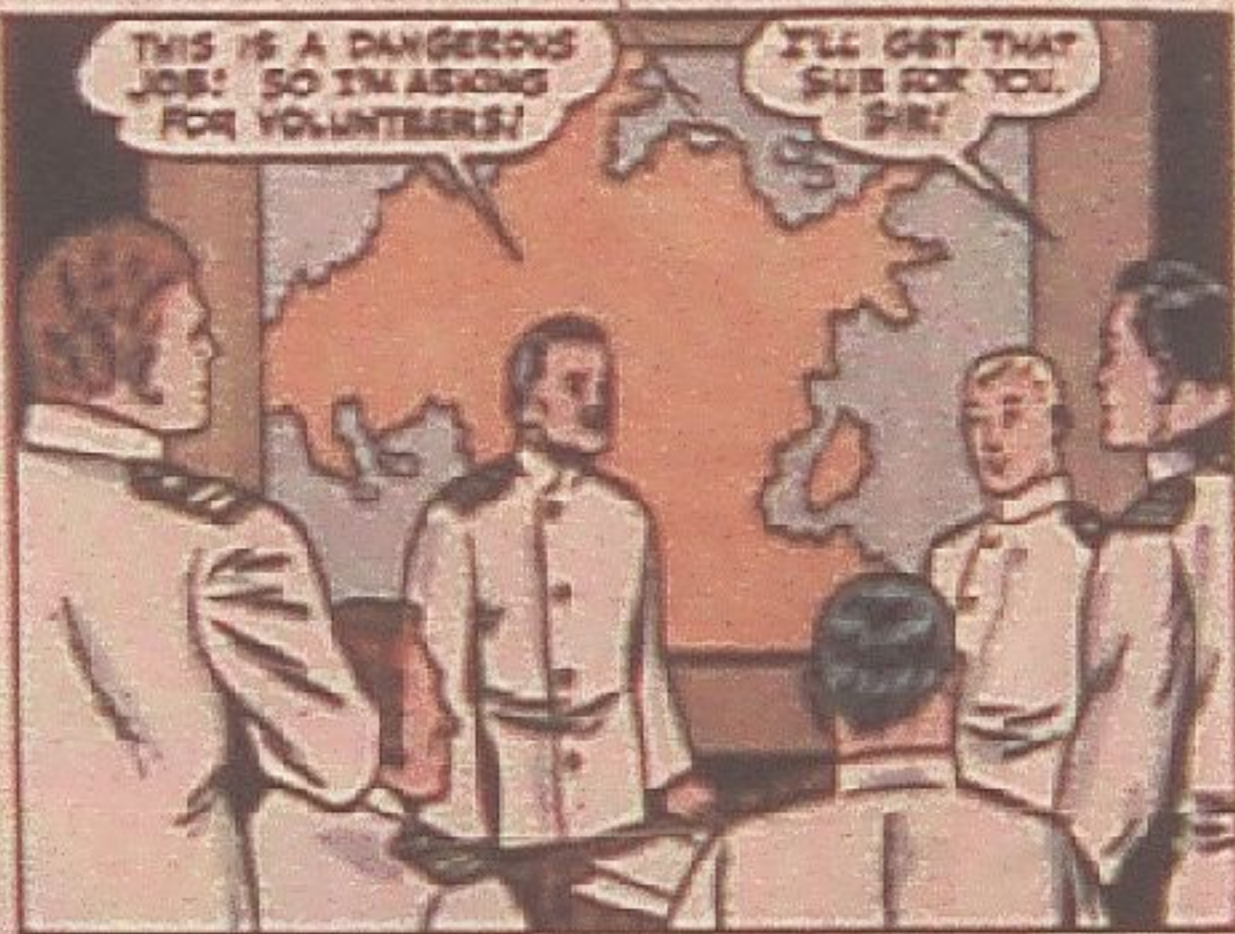
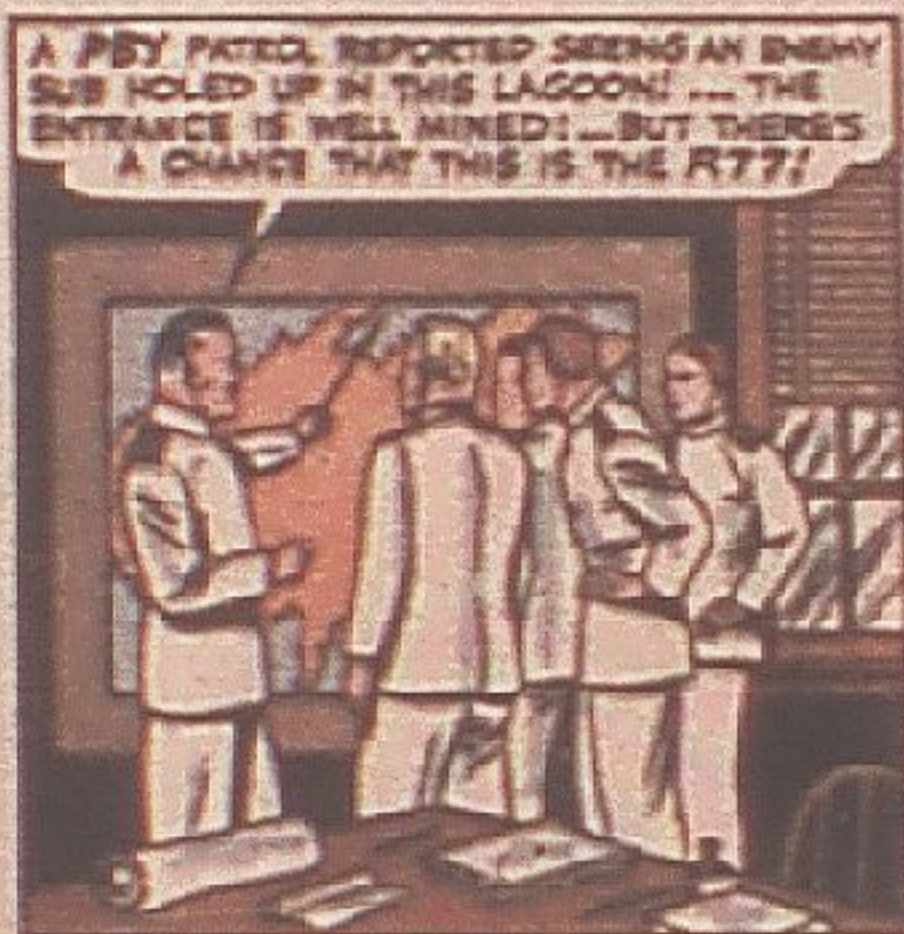
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE UNDERSEAS KILLER, R77, STRUCK FROM ITS LAIR! AND PERRY TOBIAS, WITH HIS COMRADE IN COMBAT, PAUL HARVEY, WENT ZOOMING ON A ONE WAY, THUNDERBOLT MISSION TO DESTRUCTION!

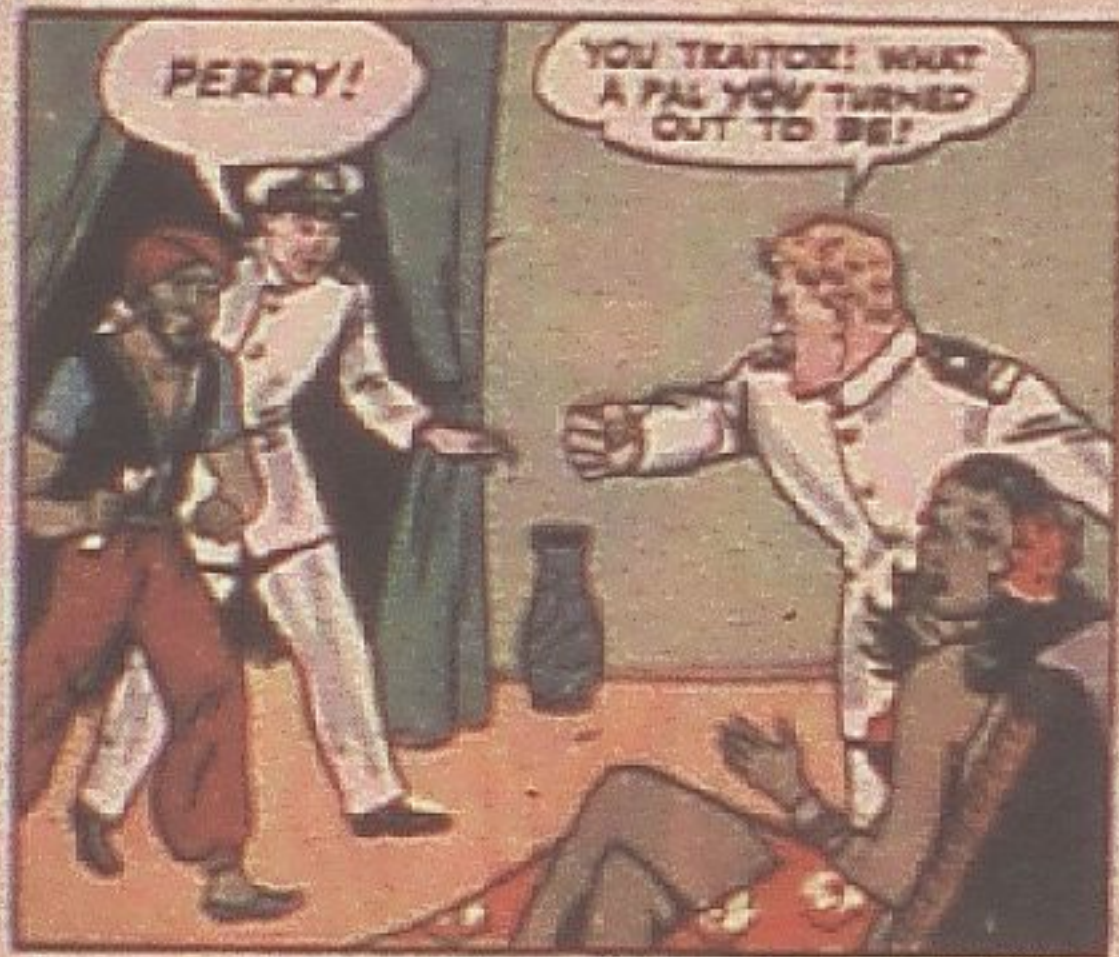
ONLY TO FIND THAT, AS FAR AS PERRY TOBIAS WAS CONCERNED, THERE WAS MORE DANGER IN THE SMILE OF A PRETTY GAL THAN THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE INVINCIBLE R77!

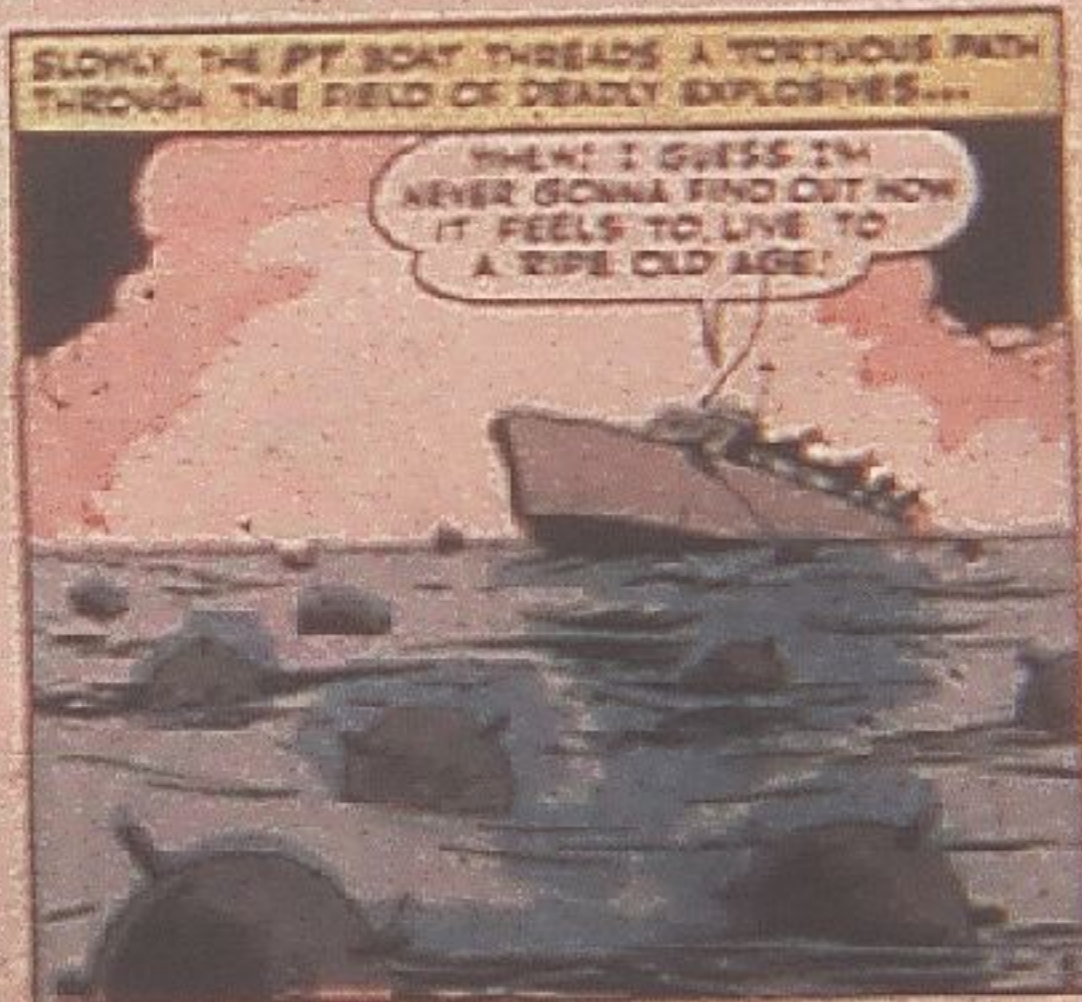
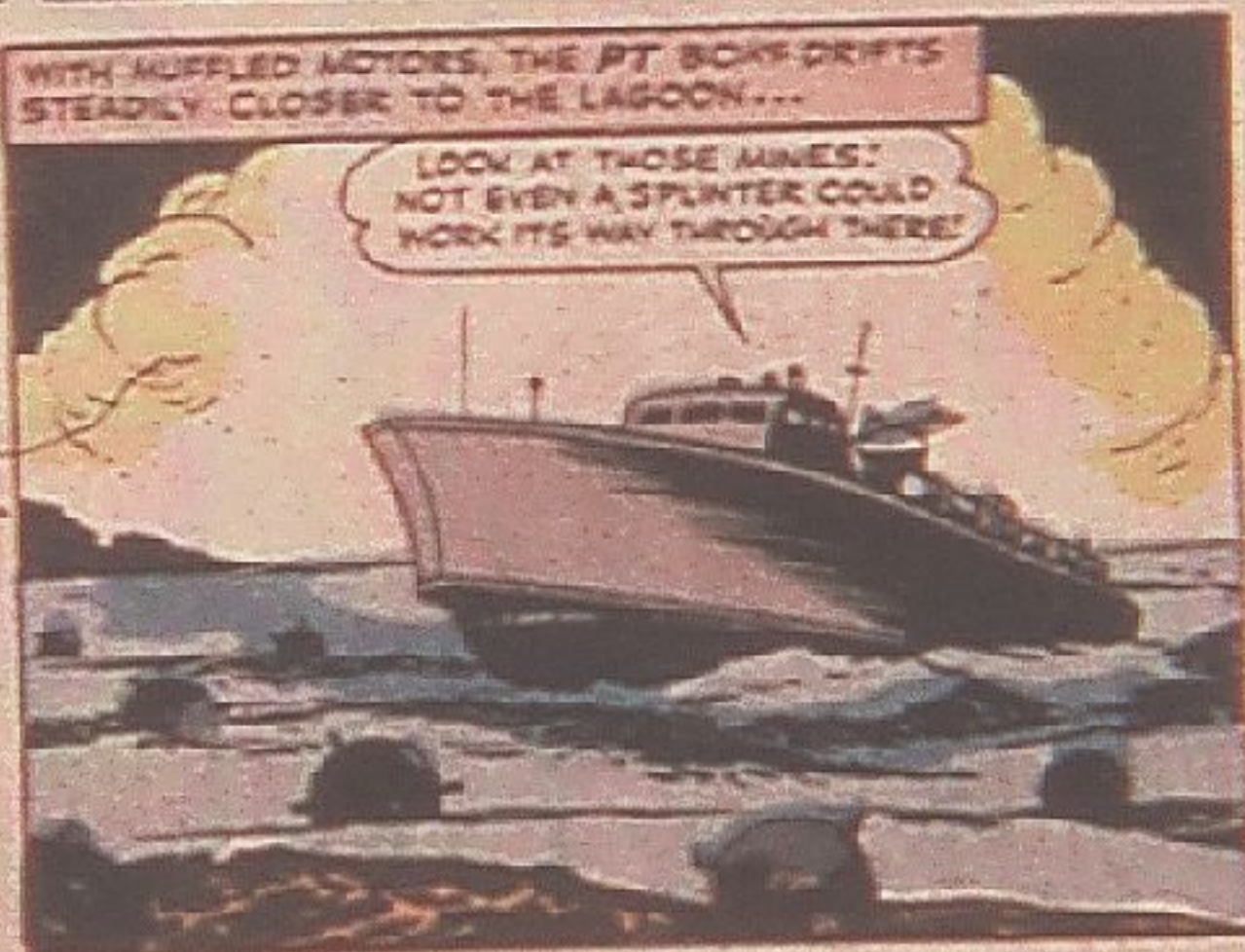


MILITARY COMICS











MILITARY COMICS

WHILE THE SHORE GUNS ENGAGE THE RAIDING PT BOAT, THE JAPANESE SUBMARINE R77 SEEKS SAFETY IN THE DEPTHS OF THE LAGOON!



NEVER MIND THE SYMPATHY, SUGAR! GET ME BACK ON MY FEET!



HYDROPHONE REPORT POWERBOAT CLOSE BY, CAPTAIN!

ASCEND TO PERISCOPE DEPTH! WE WILL SOON DISPOSE OF THE INTRUDER!



ENEMY COURSE NOW ONE-FOURTY-THREE-FIVE!

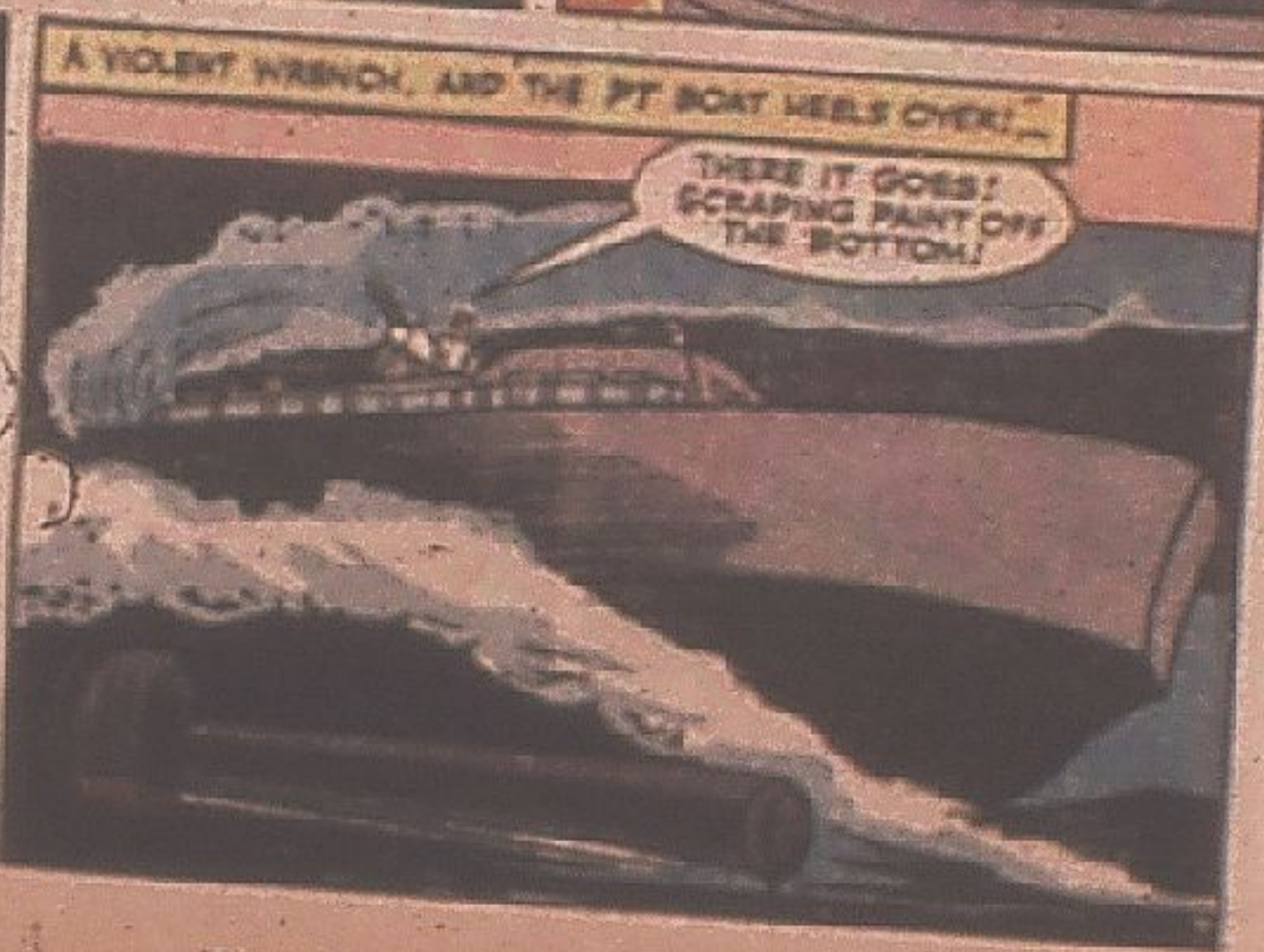
FIRE ONE!



I'M BUSY! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



TORPEDO! LOOK OUT, PAUL!

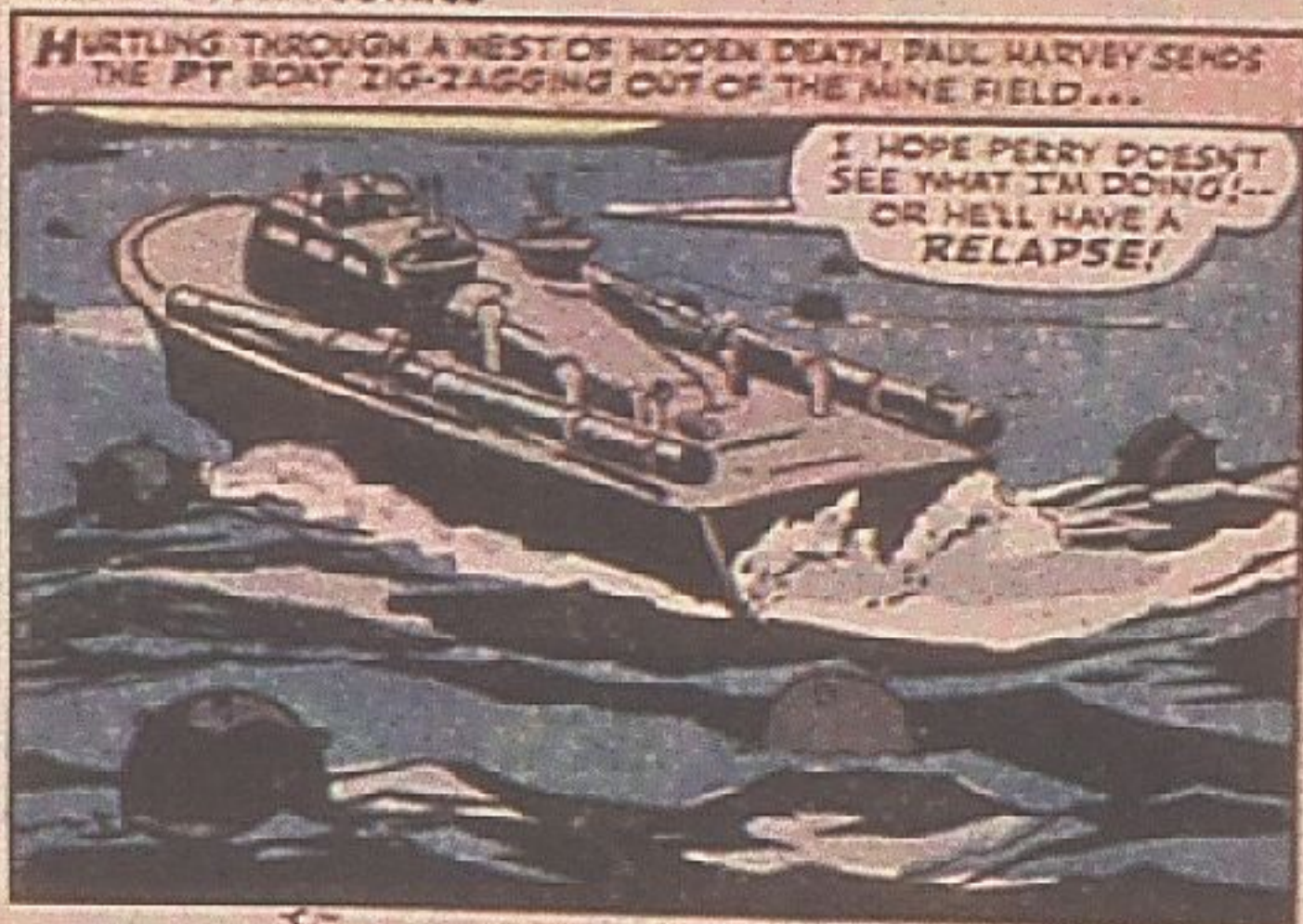


A VIOLENT WRENCH, AND THE PT BOAT WHEELS OVER!

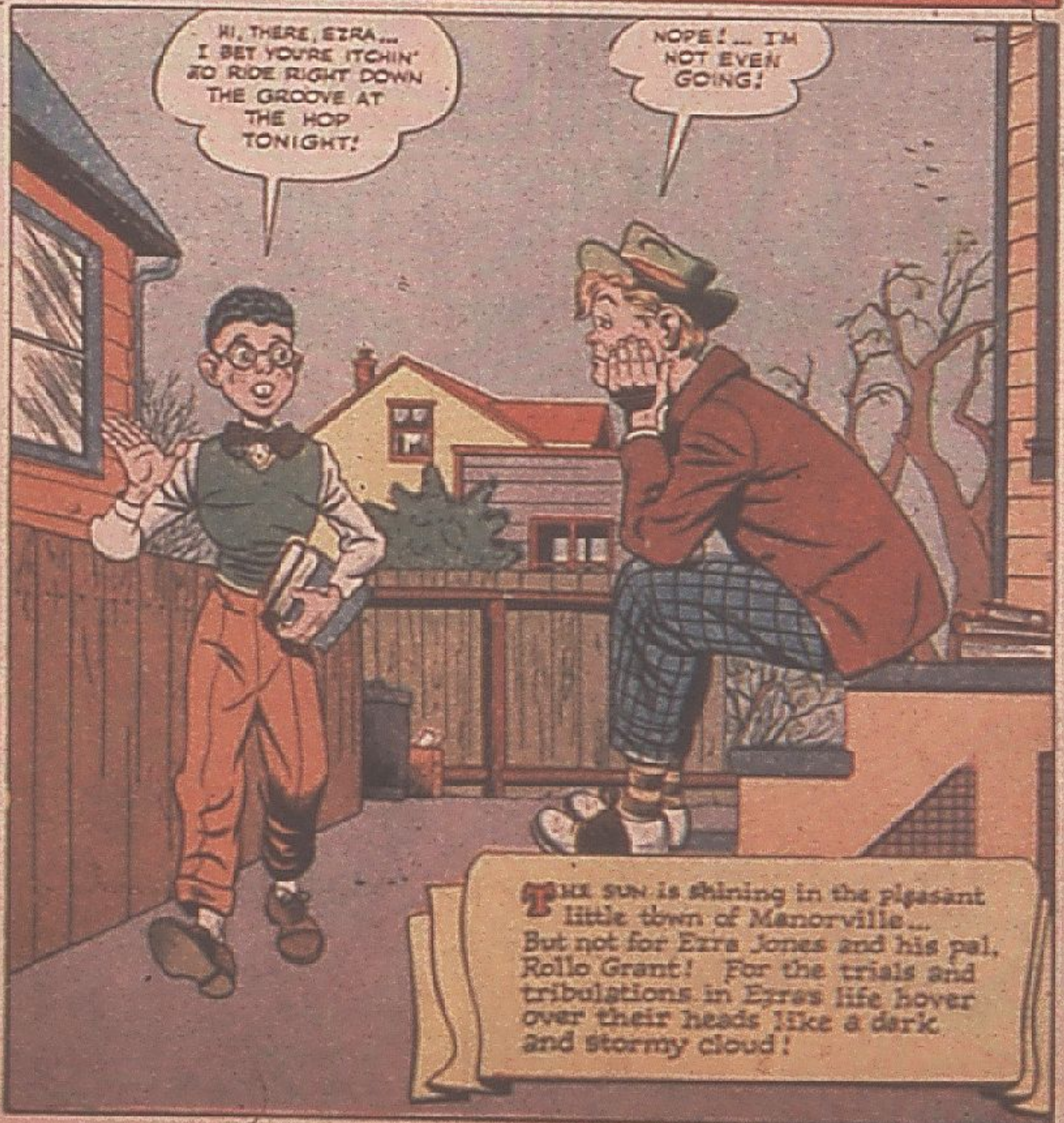
THERE IT GOES! SCRAPING PAINT OFF THE BOTTOM!

MILITARY COMICS

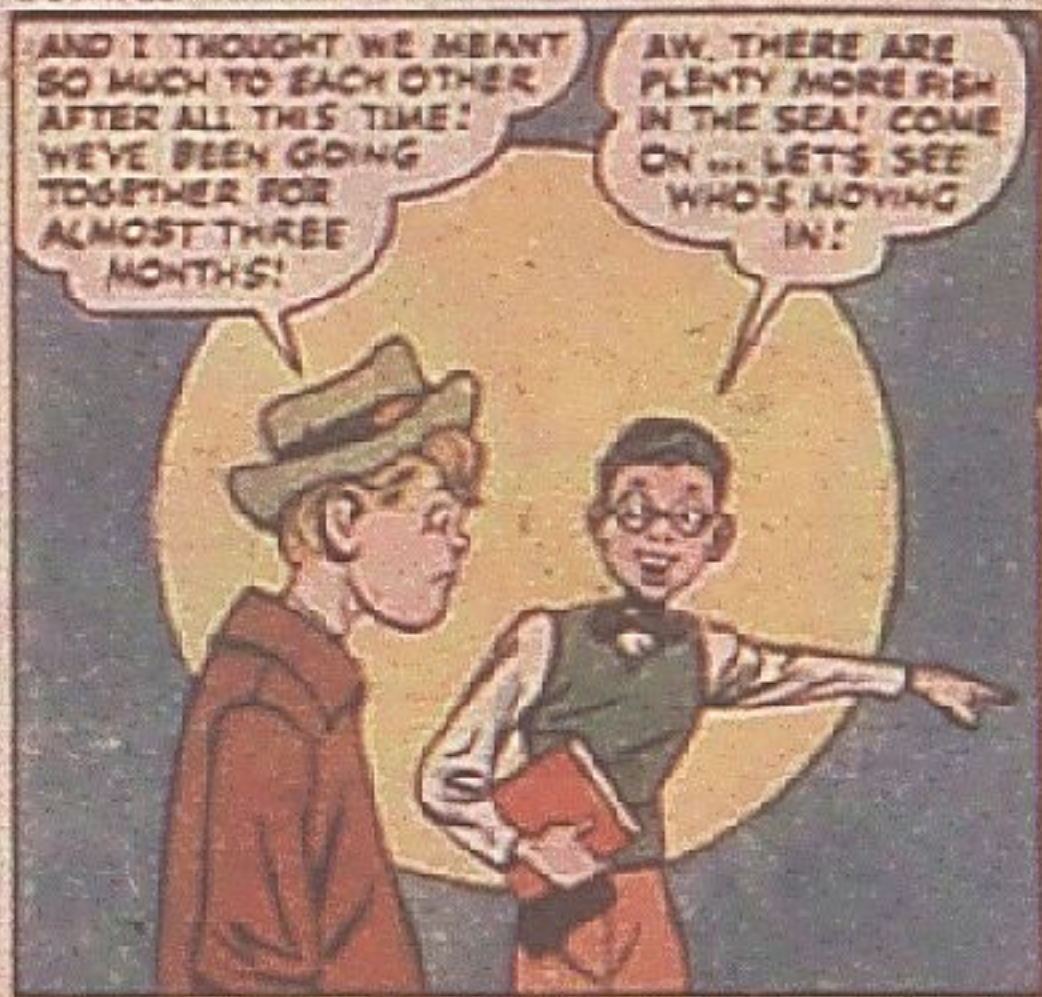




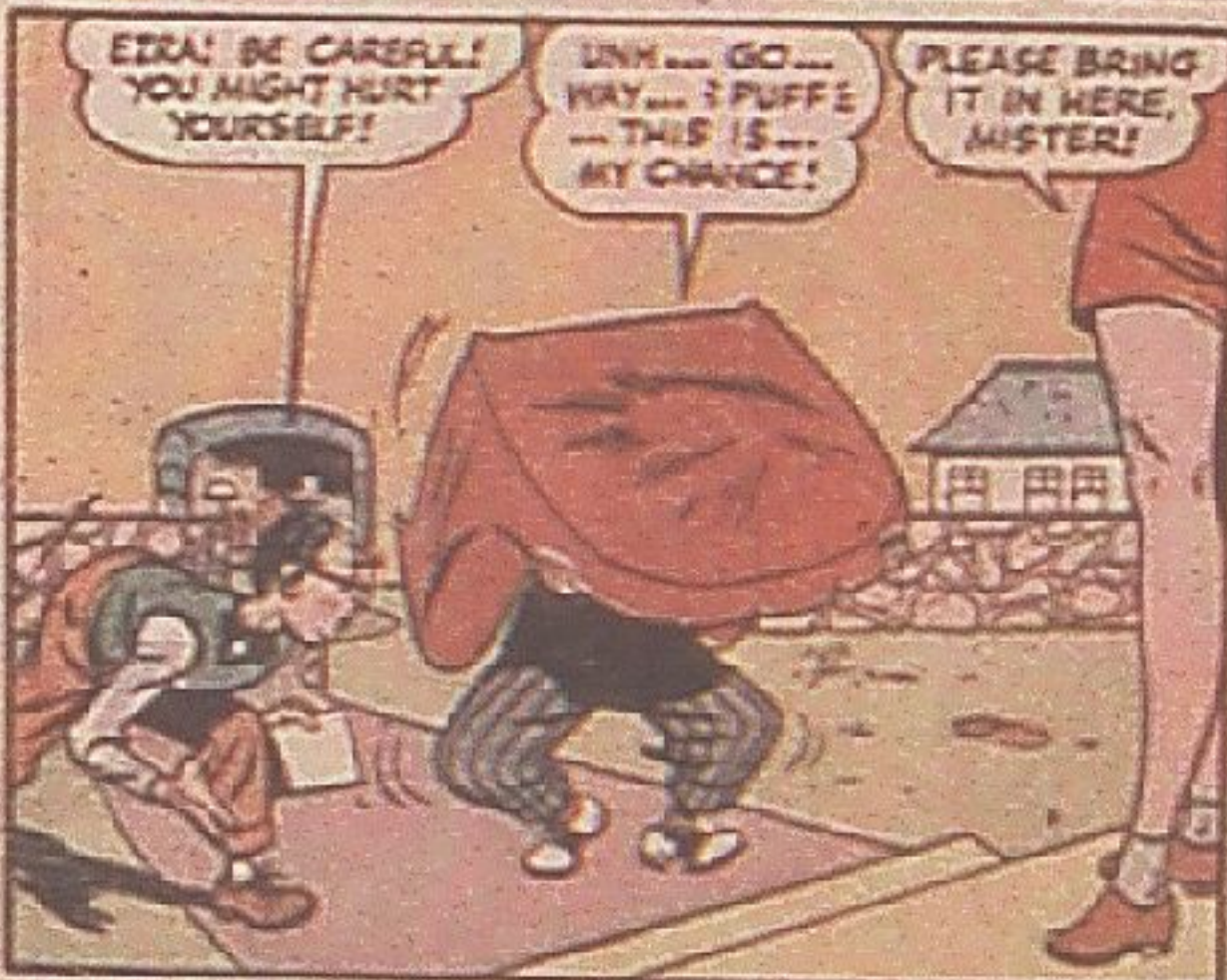
EZRA



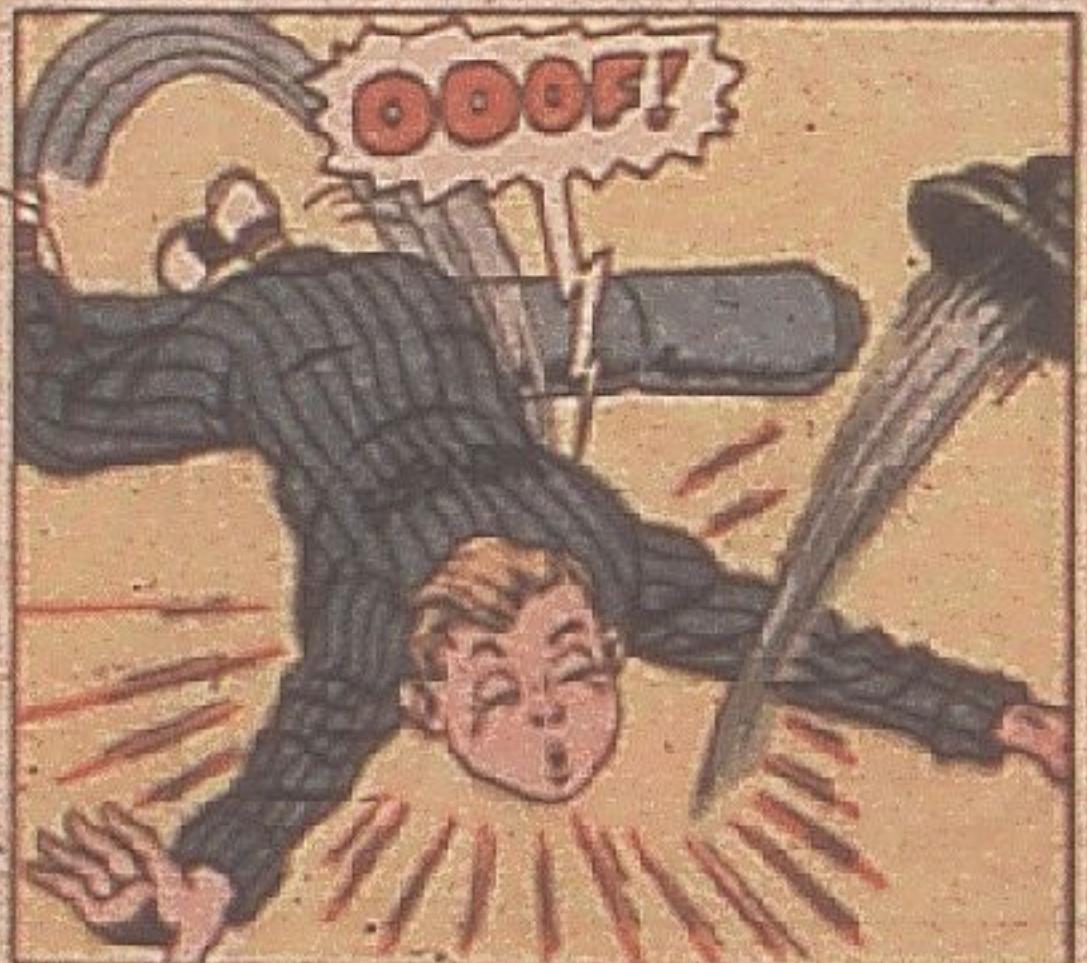
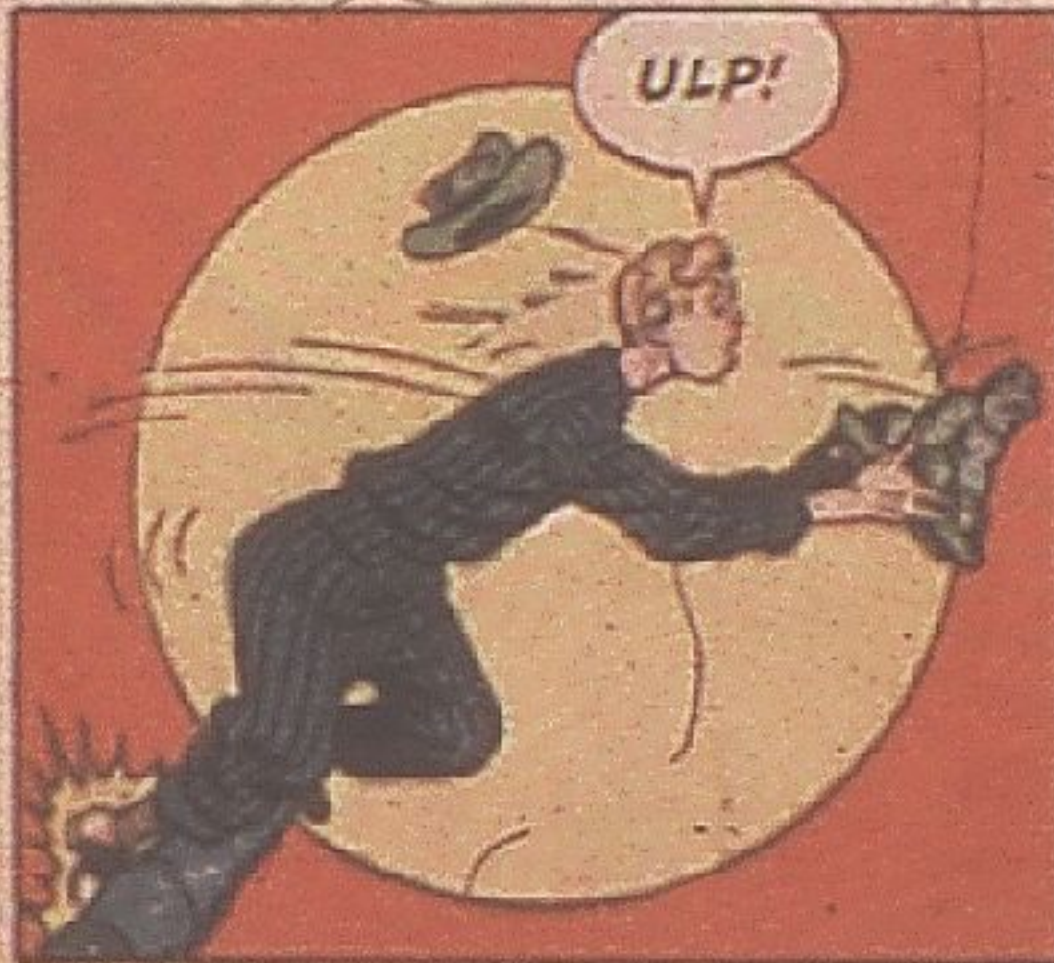
THE sun is shining in the pleasant little town of Manerville... But not for Ezra Jones and his pal, Rollo Grant! For the trials and tribulations in Ezra's life hover over their heads like a dark and stormy cloud!



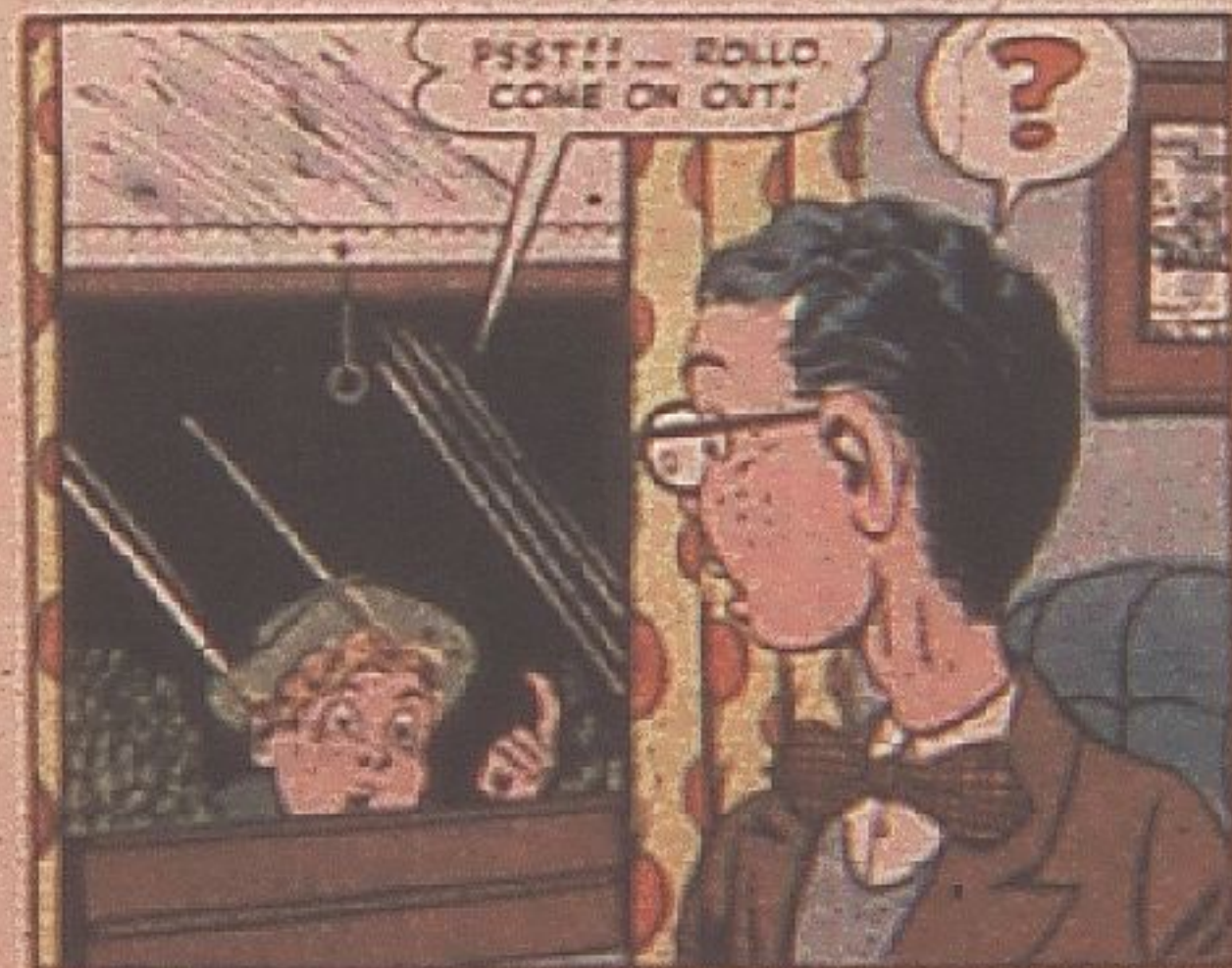




MILITARY COMICS









☐ Check box if writer is the Director. **Direct.**